

# WEST SAXON

AUTUMN 1935



# THE WEST SAXON

Editor :  
John V. Ruffell

Sub-Editor :  
Kathleen Donnelly

Secretary :  
William G. Waller

Autumn, 1935



**University College, Southampton**

# CONTENTS.

|  | <i>Page</i> |
|--|-------------|
| EDITORIAL ... ..                         | 5           |
| CREDO ... ..                             | 7           |
| THE PICTURE ... ..                       | 8           |
| RETROSPECT ON THE LAST GENERATION ... .. | 12          |
| LIGHTSOME SURVEY OF SOCCER RULES ... ..  | 13          |
| EPITAPH ... ..                           | 17          |
| THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER ... ..      | 18          |
| POSSESSED ... ..                         | 20          |
| PRECIPICE ... ..                         | 21          |
| PEACE AND WAR ... ..                     | 22          |
| WARRIOR ... ..                           | 24          |
| WORDS ... ..                             | 25          |
| PER ASPERA ... ..                        | 26          |
| CONNOTATION ... ..                       | 27          |
| BALLAD OF THE YOD ... ..                 | 28          |
| EPISODE ... ..                           | 29          |
| TRIANGLES ... ..                         | 32          |
| CORRESPONDENCE ... ..                    | 33          |
| THE UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX ... ..          | 38          |
| FACULTY SOCIETIES ... ..                 | 40          |
| HALL NOTES ... ..                        | 42          |
| ATHLETICS ... ..                         | 44          |
| SOCIETIES ... ..                         | 49          |

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE

## EDITORIAL.



We should like to be able to present the College with a magazine of a really high literary value; we have failed to achieve this ideal for several reasons. Of these we must cite the general apathy of students as the most important. We refuse to believe that the talent does not exist; the College contains as many people of interesting personality as ever it did in our memory, and we are convinced that amongst these there must be some writers. We

ask you to remember the magazine without its notice being forced upon you by the solicitations of the editorial staff, and we hope that in future the Faculty Societies will co-operate in obtaining matter for publication. No magazine can reach a high standard if it is filled with material hastily produced in a last minute rush. It is objected that a literary magazine is too limited in its appeal. We deny that this is necessarily so; interesting and well-written articles need not be confined to any narrow range of topics. We welcome criticism, and were glad to read a letter in last year's magazine expressing the opinion that too much space had been given to politics in some numbers of the "*West Saxon*." Personally, we believe that it is possible to write political articles of literary worth, but the point to be emphasised is that there should be sufficient material at the editor's disposal to enable him to select that of the highest value. The "*West Saxon*" should neither be a political guide, nor the work of a small clique, but, unless more material is received, we are faced with the alternatives of presenting you with the work of a few individuals or else stating publicly that University College, Southampton, is unable to produce a magazine at all.

We do not offer any criticism of our production. To some it may appear that there is not a very wide variety of tone, and that the poetry especially is intensely introspective. We personally feel that, because literature cannot exist apart from life, and the

individual lives that produce it, any sensitive person living in the present world chaos is bound to reflect that chaos, either by seeking to escape it, or by giving expression to the utter hopelessness that seizes those who can see no outlet from the present situation.

This term has been perhaps the most important in the history of the College, because of the addition of the Turner Sims Library. On the official opening we will maintain a discreet silence. The importance of the library to students is that at last there is a building for them which encourages study. The provision of dignified and comfortable rooms, with their book-lined shelves and pleasing furniture, resulted in an immediate increase in the number of students who use them, and has proved that members of the College are capable of taking advantage of facilities when they are provided for them.

The erection of the new building has had some results which were not foreseen. We refer to the prohibition of chalked notice-boards. Obviously it is not desirable for the entrance hall to be disfigured by unsightly announcements, but we fail to see why this should be an excuse for the abolition of boards in the Covered Way. Considerable harm has been done to College Societies and the numbers of people attending meetings has fallen off: it is to be hoped that the Students' Council will take some action, although delay has probably destroyed any chances of regaining our old privilege.

At an unofficial meeting of students on November 18th, a resolution was passed, by 59 votes to 26, condemning Italian aggression in Abyssinia. This meeting was held in order that the National Union of Students may have some idea of student feeling throughout the country on this important question. This concern about the war in Abyssinia was in contrast to the official College Armistice Day Service, where no mention was made of the war which exists in the world to-day, and we were left to ourselves to decide whether it is the Italians or the Abyssinians "who have heard God's message from afar." Several students abstained from attending because of the presence of military uniform.

Considerable indignation was felt by hostel students at their being deprived of their parliamentary vote. The election of the National Government may have some serious results for students, along with the other youth of the country. It is strongly denied that there is any intention of introducing Conscription in England, and pacifists can view with satisfaction the state of our own College Territorial platoon, which has to appeal to the venal instincts, by telling us that, if we join the platoon, we shall stand a better chance



of obtaining a teaching post. In this connection we would like to draw the attention of readers to the new rule of the Education Department which allows Territorials to miss certain lectures, and would remind them that the corps was built up in this way just before 1914. We hope that Rovers, Rangers and similar organisations will apply for the same privilege, but would point out that students have been refused permission to attend English and Historical Association meetings instead of contact.

We should like to congratulate the Stage Society on attempting to produce such a play as "The Moon in the Yellow River", an account of which appears elsewhere in this issue. Enterprising too was the Open Day for students arranged by the Engineering Faculty, an event which provided us with a chance of appreciating the work of a much maligned department. The new arrangement by which the Faculty Societies undertake the provision of soirées at a cheaper rate than formerly also appears to be a success. Such improvements, with the attainment of a Joint Common Room and "students' quarter," should give the Union a greater feeling of strength and progress.



### CREDO.



DO believe  
In the threefold word  
Of body, spirit, mind  
I leave behind  
The three-chinned chatterer who worships  
not the words.  
They stretch in line throughout the dustmote days,  
Words of high courage, love, of God, of praise,  
Symbols that Shakespeare had to use, even his mind.  
I leave behind  
The fatuous fool who does not bow to words.  
They shine like drops of amber light, they sing,  
Their touch is lovers' hands upon my limbs, they bring  
God to my soul, loveliness to my heart.  
I do believe  
In Thou, O Threefold word.

P. M. SHIELDS.

## THE PICTURE.



GOT it at old Higden's, the antique dealer's, in — Street. For a week I passed it on my way to business. It stood propped up on an old dresser of the period of Queen Anne, amidst a veritable medley of junk—Dresden shepherdesses, a hideous china ornament representing Nelson dying in the arms of Hardy, a few pewter mugs and some huge cameo brooches. For a week the lady in the picture challenged me, and on the Saturday I took my courage in both hands, and went in to old Higden's. He emerged from the depths of the shop looking like an antique himself. Yes, he was giving up at last and anxious to sell out. His lease had expired. Yes, it was a very pretty picture—had the painter's name in the corner and the date—now what was it? Having taken it from the window, he peered down at it short-sightedly. How much did he want for it? Ah well, now let him see. It was fit to grace any wall, and the canvas had not been injured in any way. Suppose he said five shillings now! I hid my delight as well as I could; had paid the money and was out of the shop with the picture in no time.

Once at home, I examined it at my leisure. I knew nothing of art in a technical sense, but I knew, whatever the critics might say, I had found something with life in it, something that satisfied my sense of the beautiful. It was a portrait of a woman. She was sitting in the dark corner of a church by a pillar. Over her head one could just distinguish the dim outline of an age-worn mural tablet. Her maroon gown shimmered in a shaft of light that fell from the right. A light little velvet coat of the same dull red composed her neat corsage. Lace gleamed at her low neck-line, and a white rose drooped at her breast. She clasped a prayer-book with her long gloved hands. The same shaft of light, that shone on the folds of her satin, illuminated the beautiful face beneath the befeathered hat and the frame of dark curls, a face, the impalpable delicacy of which the elaborate quality of her costume only served to intensify. Her eyes were raised. Do not ask me their colour, for I could not tell you. All I know is that they dominated the whole picture. In some inexplicable way they made me think of the sea—the sea that both fascinates and repels. They told me varying things—sometimes I thought them sad, sometimes cold: once I even found them defiant. But always they told me of a joy that had fluttered in trembling fingers, had fluttered and flown away in a moment of time.

By very tactful handling, and a little subtle flattery, I got my landlady's permission to clear one of my four walls of her monstrous family portraits and likenesses of aunts and cousins—the numerous accretions of years—that hung on it. On this wall I hung my picture. The once lurid pattern of the wall-paper had faded with the years to a uniform colour of a nondescript quality, so that it did not make a bad background. Every night, before I went to bed, and every morning I would look at the woman by the pillar, and her eyes would take their expression from my own mood. When my pal came one evening, he announced that it was certainly an improvement on my landlady's wedding group, but beyond that I could get from him no great expression of enthusiasm. I worshipped alone. Of a Sunday evening I would move my armchair to a convenient angle and, taking my pipe, would sit and gaze at it for hours. Once I awoke to find myself almost unconsciously muttering the lines :—

“She came to the village church  
And sat by the pillar alone  
An angel watching an urn  
Wept over her carved in stone  
And once but once she lifted her eyes  
    . . . .”

And always after that they were ringing in my head.

Under these circumstances, the woman's face began to grow upon me. I found myself gazing at all manner of women for a replica of her form and feature, and for her eyes. In the street, in the tube, everywhere I searched for her, and the weird thing about it was that I had the fixed conviction that I should find the face I looked for—I never doubted it. And one day I did. It was about eighteen months after I had bought the picture that I was stepping into a dry-cleaners in — Street with a suit, when I caught sight of a girl at the counter. Although she had her back to me, she attracted me in some way. As I came up she half turned, and I started as I saw the curls, the high forehead, the identical curve of the mouth and above all the eyes. Before she stepped out of the shop, my brain had registered the words, “The name is Hope, 64, Park Road.”

All the way home I was reciting “Hope, 64, Park Road ; Hope, 64, Park Road.” That night I wrote a letter, and it was addressed “Miss Hope, 64, Park Road.” I cannot remember what I put now in my excitement, but it was to the effect that I possessed a picture that I felt sure she was connected with, and that I felt she would be

interested in. I prayed that it would find her, and that she possessed a sense of adventure and enough curiosity to make her come. My prayers were answered. At seven the next evening my landlady showed up to my room my eagerly looked-for visitor. She stood in the door-way, very slim in a neat grey flannel costume and a small black felt hat. She was trying to suppress a smile as she looked round the room, and then her eyes lighted on the eyes of the figure in the picture. She gave a little gasp of delighted surprise, and came nearer to it.

"Were you the model?" I asked, breathlessly. She did not answer at first, but stepped closer to the picture. Then she looked back at me and said, laughing, "The picture is dated 1867, Mr. Harland. Being a woman, I may of course imagine that I look younger than I am, but I do not think I was even thought of in 1867." I laughed rather foolishly at my mistake, and noticed at once that her curls were a little fairer and her nose a shade less Grecian than the lady's in the picture. Suddenly she began to talk very fast. "I am so glad you asked me here. That picture used to hang in the dining-room at my home, when I was a child, and I used to think it was marvellous. It is a portrait of my mother, when she was a girl. It was done by an R.A., who lived in the same village, who thought she was rather striking—a certain Mr. Rush. He never became exceptionally famous, but he had his fair share of popularity in his day, and always managed to give the touch of sentiment that the Victorians liked. I remember as a child always associating the picture with some lines in Tennyson's "Maud." I read the poem in my father's library, for I often used to creep in there and read by the hour—all manner of things."

"She came to the village church  
And sat by the pillar alone  
An angel watching an urn  
Wept over her carved in stone.  
And once but once she lifted her eyes  
. . . ."

I muttered.

"That's right," she cried, "Fancy your guessing the ones I meant like that." I smiled. She went on, "When my father died I was very young, and everything was sold up. I have never seen the picture since until now, but I have always remembered it, and the impression it made on me as a child—one of those vague magical impressions of childhood that one never gets later."

Presently she asked me where I found it. I told her in a second-hand shop. "I should love to buy it off you," she said shyly, "but I should never be able to afford the price. I couldn't possibly afford more than two pounds. I suppose you gave a good bit?" Her eyes were wistful like the eyes of the picture. I blurted out, "I got it for five shillings."

"Then you'll let me have it, won't you?" She cried delightedly. "I'll still give you the two pounds. It will be worth it." I checked her with "But you see I rather like it myself."

"Oh, of course," she said, disappointed, "In that case I've no right to expect you to sell it me." There was a pause, and then I said impetuously, "I'll tell you what, I'll not take your two pounds, but I'll let you have her on one condition."

"What is that?" she asked with interest—"That you send me in return a really decent studio portrait of yourself by a photographer, that I can put on my blank wall." She laughed, blushed and assented. The next minute she had left with the picture under her arm.

"And once but once she lifted her eyes  
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed."

Left to myself, the one bare wall stared mockingly. I cursed myself for a fool!



## RETROSPECT FOR THE LAST GENERATION.



IN the garden she had been happy  
and now roses grew dazedly over the borders  
and no pruning-knife was laid to their shoots.

She had been sorrowful since,  
been in the beaten crowd racing for shelter,  
known the sunset flame out  
for the bitterest thunderstorm  
and lain crying on her bed after the earthquake.

Knowing and loving the tropics, she had been  
coursing to the bare Pole,  
wandering into barrenness, she had left Plenty to rot  
and still had been uneasy for fresh steppe where she could tread.

And in the cities, if her young  
bright love lay soft  
on sheltered gardens behind high walls,  
now she has learnt the torrid Parks  
and the smoky death of leaves and the poor in London.

In the garden she had been happy,  
but her map of living  
had gradually pushed the country idyll  
beyond the most distant attainable frontier :  
she could think out there but not touch it,  
her hair's greyness had become web of her mind for life.

Only she could feel  
no dispassionate touch of the country  
in the skin and voice of younger revolutionaries  
with no privy gardens of memory to tear up,  
no nostalgia of class to tear down,  
whose summer storm is to last till the end of the world.

And now when she was come to cease fighting,  
so that she did not speak in public any longer,  
she imagined herself back among the roses  
in the garden where she had been happy,  
but always the roses when she saw them made her uneasy  
because their colour was the colour of stale blood.

## LIGHTSOME SURVEY OF SOCCER RULES.

Those of us who frequent the sports ground have, no doubt, seen at some time or other a "Tall thin man, with a long, flowing moustache" controlling one of the Soccer Club's more important fixtures. Others of us may have come across him in our lesser conflicts with the law. Mr. McAllen, or to give him his full title, P.C. McAllen, is a great friend and supporter of the Soccer Club, and is in addition quite an authority on the technicalities of the game. Like so many great men before him, however, he has fallen to the depths of journalism. During one of my visits to Portswood Police Station, I came across the following thesis on referee work, and realising its potential value to those touch-line enthusiasts—and participants in the game—who are always keen on advising the referee as to his eyesight, promptly asked his permission to make use of the same.

It therefore gives me great pleasure to introduce Mr. V. G. E. McAllen, and may his shadow never grow less.



THE existence of the umpire and the referee is a strong testimony to the fact that bravery, born either of conceit or ignorance, still exists in our generation. Of all the thankless jobs that can fall to the lot of man there is none to equal that of umpire or referee, but, strange to say, there is always to be found some person who is willing to take up the post.

My own conversion to the whistle was due to neither conceit nor ignorance. As an assistant schoolmaster, military pattern, I was detailed for the duty of supervising junior football. I knew very little of the rules, but as "disciplinary measures" on return to school were likely to follow any disputed decisions, few of the players had sufficient courage to raise questions.

One can visualise the type of game that was called "Football" in the bad old days, when one goal was the mill and the other, half a mile away, was the village oak, or pond, or other well-known landmark; when the game was begun by putting the ball through the ring, or other simple ceremony, and time was called when darkness intervened. Then there were no fouls, retaliation was the order of the day, beef and brawn were paramount and chaos ruled supreme.



But all that was altered when the Football Association was founded, and a code of laws formed to enable the game to develop as a real sporting contest of team versus team, battling in friendly warfare for supremacy in a bloodless arena.

Then were established the Laws of the Game, which determine what is and what is not just and fair. These have remained with comparatively little change, and to-day form the most compact of any set of rules. They are contained in seventeen paragraphs, totalling less than two thousand words, but, as with Civil Law, there is a tremendous amount of "case law" and precedent, in the form of decisions given by the International Board.

Law—with the possible exception of the liquor laws—is a notoriously dry subject, and the man in the street is content to leave the task of mastering it to the professional expert. The soccer player similarly expends untold energy in aimless ball chasing and is content to leave the referee to delve into the rules, and discover that the object of all this apparently aimless chasing is really to cause the whole of a spherical leather object, 27 inches in circumference, designated "The Ball," to cross a line between two upright posts, equidistant from the corner flags, 8 yards apart and with a bar across them 8 feet from the ground.

There are various ways of inducing the ball to cross this line, some legitimate, others such as knocking on, i.e. striking with the hand or arm, throwing or carrying, only count when the action escapes the eagle eye of the controlling official. Odd portions of the anatomy are sometimes used to score perfectly good goals, but a player recently surpassed all previous records when, after falling on the ball near the penalty line, he rose with a piece of the lace grasped firmly between his teeth and ran round the astonished goalkeeper into the goal. Technically, of course, this is carrying, and his enterprise was consequently wasted.

Before we can score our goals we must start our match, by kicking the ball off from the centre of the field. That is when the game actually starts and not, as so many players appear to think, at the signal of approval given by the referee. Until the ball has been set in motion no player is entitled to move into the circle or across the centre line, and the ball cannot be played by a second player until it has travelled the distance of its own circumference.

Prior to the kick-off you may, if you wish, trip, kick, strike, jump at, or violently charge your opponent, without incurring any



immediate penalty, except perhaps a little friendly retaliation on his part, but the best referees do not permit these things to go unpunished should they occur after the game has started.

Officially there are no fouls, they are styled "breaches of Law 9," and in all the cases cited above, together with pushing, the use of elbows (unfortunately all too common to-day) and handling the ball, the referee is given discretion as to punishment. He may in his wisdom decide that the action was unintentional, or that by allowing play to proceed he will be giving the offended side more advantage than if he awarded them a free kick.

This, in my opinion, is where match control becomes a fine art, not only has the whistler to judge the player's intention, because that is actually what is penalised, but he has to decide on the instant whether to allow the fouled player to run on rather than to award a kick which would give the offending side time to concentrate their defence; unnecessary stoppages can so easily spoil a game, but so can over lenience. The problem is where to draw the line. With regard to hand-ball the position is much clearer: should the ball strike the player no matter how bad it may look he should not be penalised. Should he strike the ball he should be penalised, except where the advantage rule applies. This rule covers the instance of a defender, other than the goalkeeper, who attempts to save a goal by handling, but is unsuccessful. The advantage lies with the scoring side and no penalty is inflicted, the goal being allowed to stand.

During the game incidents are likely to occur which give rise to argument among the spectators, and they, being privileged, may even criticise the referee, from a distance, but the pundits of the Football Association have ruled that the whistler shall regard any such conduct by the players as ungentlemanly behaviour, punishable by caution or sending off. Of course no sensible official objects to a polite question, but there are others. I remember an incident in a cup-tie between the 1st Irish Guards and 2nd Coldstream Guards, my own unit. The referee, a typical Grenadier non-commissioned officer, gave a decision which caused the "Micks" centre forward to make a mild protest; the ref, in his best parade voice, immediately ordered a Corporal who was standing on the line to put the offender into the guard room; judge of his embarrassment when he was informed that the centre forward was none other than Colonel Alexander, the Irishmen's C.O.

The most frequent cause of dissension is offside, the referee's nightmare. The law on this matter is seldom clearly understood by

players, or by the touch-line pundits, and it is not at all easy to apply. To be correct in every instance the referee would have to be able to see and memorise the position of every member of the attacking side, in relation to the defenders and the ball, at the moment when the ball was last played by one of his own side.

This is often a physical impossibility, yet the law makes it necessary. Briefly the provisions of Law 6 are as follows. When a player plays the ball, any player of the same side who at such moment is nearer to his opponent's goal line is offside, and may not touch the ball, or interfere in any way with the play, or with an opponent, unless there are at least two opponents nearer their own goal line. He is not offside if he receives the ball direct from a goal kick, corner kick, throw-in, when the last player to touch the ball was an opponent, or if he was within his own half of the field.

The important points are, first of all that it is the position of the player when the ball was last played by one of his own side which counts, not his position when the ball comes into his possession; secondly, that if he is in front of the ball there must be two opponents nearer their own line, so that if he is level with the second of these two he is offside; thirdly, only the playing of the ball by one of the defending side can regularise his position, unless he has received the ball direct from one of the kicks stipulated. A rebound from the goal-post, an ordinary free kick, or penalty kick, are clearly not liable to offside.

Hair line decisions are the most often queried, although they are actually the surest indication of a referee's ability. The reason for the difference of opinion can usually be found in the fact that the official is watching positions, whereas others are intent on the run of the ball.

That there can be other reasons was proved to me by a New Forest player, who boldly informed me that I had spoiled his game by penalising his opponents when they were only just offside. They liked their's to be "real" offside, he informed me.

During the same match I had to penalise some dangerously heavy charging, one lad who had been "bounced" raised his face from the mud, and regarded me with amazement.

"Have you given a free kick for that ref?" he asked, then added in a disgusted tone, "You'll be wanting us to play ring o' roses next."

And I had thought that I was a lover of a robust charge.

While it is well-known that the referee is armed with a power almost dictatorial, few players are aware of the fact that these extend

to matters sartorial. A certain well-known ex-"Saint" made the discovery for himself some years ago at Stamford Bridge, when he went on to the field in a pair of abbreviated running shorts, only to be sent off as improperly dressed as soon as the controlling official sighted the garments.

This and numerous other eventualities are provided for in the instructions to referees, but no course of action is laid down for the dilemma of the referee whose decisions on a previous occasion had not met with the approval of the home crowd when he came to officiate at a second match.

On arriving at the ground, he enquired of the home team's manager, in a supercilious tone, "Well, is everything in order?" "Oh, yes," said the official, "unless, of course—ahem—you may care to leave the name and address of your next of kin with the secretary." If he took that match he must have been very brave, for his conceit—or ignorance—was due for a shock.

#### EPITAPH.

**D**EEP in the Baltic Sea poor Simeon lies,  
His learned soul has soared above the skies,  
Mounting aloft on his beloved horse  
("Sin leofa mearh" we mean, of course)  
He greets his Lord and Saviour in Old Norse.  
His searching mind enjoys its earned rest ;  
He speaks the common language of the blest.

.....

J. W. - CKR - YD and the DIP CLASS.

And he found them quietly sitting  
Doing dainty little knitting.—*Grimar*.



## THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.



THE Stage Society are to be congratulated on their enterprising choice of a play this year and on the success which attended it. *The Moon in the Yellow River* is a delightful play and exactly the right kind for amateurs to attempt ; it has variety of character, abundant humour and a sufficiently provoking theme. Many plays that run successfully on the London Stage do so because the professional actor, through his polished technique, can hide the poverty of ideas in the play ; but such plays are wildly unsuitable for amateurs who, lacking the same technique, must inevitably lose the attention of their audience if the theme of the play does not hold them.

The title, quoted from a Chinese song, symbolises the ideals of a young Irishman, formerly a rebel against Britain, and in the play fighting to keep a corner of the earth safe from progress and mechanisation. Like the hero of the song, he seems to recognize that he cannot succeed, but he persists in trying to embrace the moon in the Yellow River.' The other protagonist, a German engineer in charge of the electricity works which the idealist aims at destroying, speaks for progress and power and common sense ; and a retired engineer in whose house all the action takes place, holds the balance and tries to prevent the catastrophe, though without much vigour ; for his only conviction is of the futility of all things good, or perhaps, more accurately, of the identity of good and evil.

As the scene is in Ireland, there are the usual familiar hard-drinking cronies and servants to provide comic relief, and there is, in addition, the small daughter of the host and a formidable aunt, introducing far more amusing contrasts than in the usual Anglo-Irish play.

The play, then, was interesting ; and the players did it justice. Chief acting honours go to Mr. L. W. Neale, who presented the German, *Tausch*, with a most convincing change from polite amiability, through bewilderment, to an outraged repudiation of his neighbours' methods and philosophy. His accent, manners and movements were all completely in character and never once did he let *Tausch* dwindle into a "type." He was individual, alert and consistent. Messrs. Keleher and Silsby were a delightful pair, playing beautifully into each others hands and never ceasing to act, though they had long periods on the stage without lines. *Captain Pott's* vacant look and splay-footed shambling walk which never varied, were particularly convincing. Mr. Symes as *Darrell Blake*,

the firebrand, was good and seemed to understand his part, but he was inclined to overplay it slightly. He did his last scene excellently, but had he started in a quieter, more whimsical tone, the crescendo to the half-drunken bravado at the end would have been more telling. His henchman, *Willie*, played by Mr. Hodgkinson, was excellent throughout, and so was the "*Stater*" (Mr. A. R. Brown). Both these were short parts, but the actors had evidently taken great pains with them, and they got everything possible out of them. The part of *Dobelle* was a long and tiring one, with no high lights, and Mr. Rowan seemed to be infected by its monotony. There was hardly any variation of tension or pitch in his playing throughout the evening, and he should beware of a tendency, most disastrous on the stage, to drop his voice at the last two or three words of every sentence. The author seemed to indicate that *Dobelle* had fought his way to the top of his profession, and then had given up because he felt nothing was worth fighting for; Mr. Rowan played the part rather as if he had never felt the impulse to fight at all.

Of the ladies, perhaps Miss Edna Miles had the hardest task: for to play "*Blanaid*" without making her stupidly sentimental on the one hand, or simpering, on the other, demanded great delicacy of acting. Miss Miles succeeded in making "*Blanaid*" a credible and likeable child, by playing her sincerely and unpretentiously. Miss Foster did very well with *Aunt Columba*, particularly in the Armoury scene; and Miss Leach made a gallant attempt at *Agnes*, though it was a part that really needed to be played in rather broader outline. Both *Agnes* and *Aunt Columba* could have been made up to look older with advantage (though it is certainly pleasanter to see faces looking fairly natural, than to see them made into Guy Fawkes, which is what happens so often when amateurs try to make themselves up for "character" parts!).

In spite of minor imperfections, however, the play as a whole went well, and its success was very largely due to the excellent work of the producer. He had got his cast to make their entries well and to pick up quickly on their cues (two points on which amateurs very often come to grief). The grouping was well thought out and the rhythm of the action was sufficiently varied. The players made their points well but without over-emphasis; there must have been several temptations to play to the gallery (as in Pott's story of the loss of his wife) that were bravely resisted, so that the play remained a straight play and did not degenerate into farce. The pleasant settings and the efficient stage management helped to make the play

a coherent whole, in which the excellence of the team work, both mechanically and histrionically, far outweighed any individual faults. Mr. Geddes deserves high praise for his production.

D.P.P.

### POSSESSED.

#### NIGHT.



Y heart is a shaft,  
Floorless, no skies,  
Dark, wet with fear—  
Sir Christ, my dear,  
Cover mine eyes.

Flesh, cease tormenting. O body, lose  
Your horror and lewdness and self abuse.  
Once you were brave, O my spirit :  
Be winning.

Tongue, be you still : the abyss  
Is still there, but this  
Is a trap for the cowardly-hearted, not I,  
O my Christ.

Love you your friend. Remember  
Now is November,  
But soon the flame-crocus, the daffodil laughing, the wind  
Running lightly a boy in the green dusks of April  
..... I descend .....

Let this be the end—  
Arches of darkness where God is—  
Destroy me then instant, be hastening.  
Defile not by clawed thoughts  
The dawnlight of loving.  
Cling, cling to the thistle, the down where your friend  
walked,  
The blueness,  
The murmuring sea, the hot sun, and the moon, the grey  
walls.

#### NOON.

O shadow-like arches of music, O peace—  
This peace, this is God, God indeed.  
No love in my heart, no nor hating, nor fighting :  
Conceive  
You are suspended. Dark, but no pain.

### EVENING.

My heart is a field  
Turned, just turned for ploughing.  
My shame, the spring rain.  
O the pain  
Of the ploughshare was cruel, but ended :  
Straight lies the furrow.  
Fallow  
I wait. Friend, did you wait me ?  
For here is your heart that I carry  
Unravished, at last, into safety.

P. M. SHIELDS.



### PRECIPICE.

For the cloud moves  
the foot is gone  
there was no summer.  
For the plane slopes  
the slip was down  
there's man in the water.  
Shake the branch loose  
shut up the gull's cry  
stones are falling on his head.

D. B. Q.





## PEACE AND WAR.



HERE has been considerable interest recently, I believe, in the attitude of religious bodies to war, and in particular, to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. I would like to add my voice to the general hubbub and to put forward a few considerations from a Catholic's point of view.

According to the teaching of the Church, not only is war not immoral or sinful in itself, but a Catholic subject must fight for his country if that country requires it of him. However, there is a modification of this bald statement, namely, in the case of an unjust war. Such a war is sinful. Yet in practice it is impossible, or very nearly impossible, for the Church to decide on the justice or injustice of any war, since political issues, which are of their very nature beyond the Church's jurisdiction, enter so deeply into the matter. Therefore, in the event of war the obligation of making certain that the cause of a war is just, is an obligation on the supreme temporal authority, and hence their's the guilt. In a palpably unjust war conscripts need not fight, and where the justice of a war is doubtful volunteers must first satisfy themselves that the war in which they propose to take part is a just and defensive one, if they wish to be free from guilt.

It would appear then that the Church, if she does not aid and abet war, certainly does very little to prevent war. Far from this being the case she strenuously upholds the cause of peace by her teaching and by the actions of her Popes. A brief résumé of the Pope's actions in connection with the Italo-Abyssinian dispute will serve as an illustration of the Church's efforts for peace and guidance to her members.

On at least six major occasions during the last twelve months has His Holiness made public pronouncements referring to the dispute. The first was within three weeks of the Wal-Wal incidents in 1934, and nearly all the pronouncements ended with the prayer, "Scatter Thou the nations that delight in wars." The words of Pious XI delivered on August 27th, 1935, are perhaps worthy of quotation here :—

"The mere thought of war makes us shudder. Yet, outside Italy, there are references to a war of conquest, a war of aggression.



On such a supposition we find it hard to fix our thoughts, so greatly does it trouble us.

"A war of sheer conquest would evidently be an unjust war. It ought, therefore, to be unimaginable—a thing sad and horrible beyond expression. We cannot think of an unjust war. We cannot contemplate even the possibility of it, and we deliberately reject it. We neither believe nor are willing to believe it.

"In Italy, on the other hand, the talk is about a just and justifiable war, one which would be a war of defence, to preserve the frontiers of Italy's colonies against continued and incessant dangers. They speak of a war made necessary by the expansion of a population growing larger every day, and undertaken for the defence and material needs of the country.

"One thing appears clear to us : that the need of expansion is a fact, a fact to be borne in mind, and that a country's right to self-defence is a right, one which, however, has limits, and a moderation which must be observed if the defence is to remain guiltless.

"If this need of expansion does exist, if there is a need of assuring the defence of the frontiers, we cannot at the same time but hope that it will be possible to find a solution of all these difficulties by means which do not involve war. We do not know what the means are, but we do not think that they are impossible to find.

"In any case we pray God to second the activities and the efforts of those clear-sighted men who understand what makes for the true happiness of peoples and for social justice, men who are doing their utmost for Peace, not by uttering threats—which only make things worse by irritating men's minds, and thus rendering the present situation daily more difficult and menacing—men who work for peace and pacification with a really sincere intention of banishing war. We pray God to bless their efforts."

The Pope has cast doubt upon, even if he has not condemned, the actions of Italy, and the conditions attendant upon a war of questionable justice have automatically become operative. Moreover, through diplomatic channels, the Pope has brought to bear what influence he has that the dispute might have a peaceful issue, nor has he yet relaxed his efforts.

## WARRIOR.



INE the way for me, O soldiers,  
I am Hero !  
I have won the wars ;  
I have taken the prize ;  
I will pass on soon to *your* victory,  
will lay the sun's desire of *your* jealousy at your feet.

Play bands  
link uniforms into massed concord  
till I wade in praise,  
tiring soon after.

For I too am human  
have my weakenings—  
bowstring—weak with indecision,  
striking the visor up,  
hating to drive the blade home, but recovering  
in time to check their hope to find in my place a gap.

Blinder I must be to be not frail  
than a whole host of pillar-armed Samsons,  
without thought of the implications of action, yet thinking  
how to mobilise to get the last ounce out of my armed strength.  
(For if I were to stop, question the general  
issue, I would lose the particular and my calling).

And so I am but the feather in lull or peace time  
knowing of force down to the last pickle of powder,  
but not the initiation nor strings to be pulled  
before enemy's selected :  
I am in the hands who drive me  
whether to North Pole, Soviet or  
Amritsar.

Yet I must parade before you,  
iron and steel to the eye, no chinks in the armour,  
no irresolution, only thunder  
ready to be loosed upon whatever world.

If it is necessary forgive me for being brutish :  
It's my calling to deceive those who have bought me,  
myself and those too on whom I fling my thunderbolts  
that I am Moloch only and not a man :  
before my King I must  
swear to defend him in cause true or unjust.

So I would forewarn you bribe me  
 only with the spoils I've grown to care for ;  
 don't tempt with jewels of mind  
 a thing conditioned with a craze for blind force,  
 give him what he's used to—streets full of the shouting  
 population, flattery unremitting of the most beautiful ;  
 for if he has time to question  
 then Samson-sheared goes his grasp of the situation,  
 he's a man again.

.....  
 Line the way for me, O soldiers,  
 I am Hero !

## WORDS.

### I.



ORDS, words.

Demons mocking me, eluding me  
 with derisive laughter.

Birds

Wheeling over a silent pond  
 Skimming, never touching. After  
 I grasp at you, clasp at you, clamouring  
 for what lies beyond  
 hollow sounds and mangled forms,  
 I sink, stammering  
 incoherent.  
 The flame dies  
 barren.

### II.

One day,  
 brave words, mocking words,  
 I will have my say,  
 I will take you, break you, forge you  
 into weapons for my hands ; bring  
 you beauty, bring you power,  
 formed of flesh and wrought of steel ;  
 to jaded mortals proudly fling  
 you—fashioned to my heart's desire—  
 like a gem, a flower, a woman ;  
 clay beneath the potter's hands,  
 but inspired with living birth.  
 Triumphant,  
 see the flame arise !  
 Words, my words.



OW many nights have I spent tempting inspiration for something for the "*West Saxon*," and found that the Muse wanted a darn sight more tempting than other women, and wasn't half as tempting herself, either. One night I tried communing with Nature, but decided that was a mug's game. Darned cold, no one to talk to, and the only time I got deep in thought I nearly got run over by a 10 ton lorry. If I could only express myself like that lorry driver the "*West Saxon*" wouldn't be expecting anything from me to print. The Boat Club crews would have gone green with envy and their galleys would have sunk under that torrent. I hadn't felt so young and inexperienced for years as I did when I stood under those filthy mercury arches, looking green and feeling greener, listening to that man of experience. I'd have liked to get pally with that chap, then I'd have made my reputation among Coll. men. My nobler instincts asserted themselves and I forfeited the rest of my lesson to murmur warningly, "There's a copper on his beat over there." The lorry driver snorted furiously at me, tucked himself inside the cabin and trundled off, and I passed regretfully on.

Things weren't going any too well. I was filled with regrets and thwarted ambitions. I felt I needed help and consolation, sympathy and encouragement and all those things a fellow does need when he's trying to produce a masterpiece in his lonely hours. So I asked someone to help me, not to write the bally article for me, of course, but just to give me a little silent understanding. Nice little thing she was, but couldn't keep silent two minutes together; she didn't exactly give me a chance to compose. She gave me some sound ideas though. As she said, how could anyone expect to write unless he'd seen something of life. I thought she was jolly well right, but didn't want to go too far that night in search of experience, so we dropped in at the Bungalow as the handiest place. Lots of other U.C.S. people were there with their friends, seeing life too. Most of them didn't look as serious minded as I was about it, but I wondered if perhaps I wasn't judging from externals, after all, they mightn't have realised how serious was my purpose in being there. I've thought since that maybe I wasted that night for I didn't learn anything I hadn't known before, and perhaps those glimpses of life were rather superficial, not those revealing glances into the heights and depths of tragedy and passion that an author wants to see. I carefully studied the physiognomies for a few minutes, noting the types mentally, but those that appealed to me looked at me either as

if they thought that I was taking too much interest in them, or as if they were prepared to take too much interest in me. We didn't stay long.

I thought I'd better make fresh tracks in my searching, so I talked to old Tim. I put it to him that he was a man of considerable standing and renown and might write something of interest and value for the other students, or suggest something for me to write. It was pretty late on Saturday night and I thought he might be feeling generous. He was, he offered to sit on the lawn and warn the late-comers on the dangers they were running. I told him I thought his advice would be more effective if written. He disagreed, tucking his arm affectionately in mine, "No, dear boy, precept, precept. I remember hearing a sermon on precept, when I was a choir boy chewing toffee." This was a new aspect of Tim, I felt moved; so did he, he began to weep for his fall, and told me to leave him, so I did. When I looked round he was clinging to a sleepy-looking fresher warning him jerkily and with much emotion of the dangers of beer and bets and women.

This wasn't exactly what I had hoped for, but I was touched into writing a deeply felt poem on this little tragedy, in the eighteenth century manner. I wasn't very sure that College as a whole would see it in that light, or appreciate my noble and moving poem. A realistic rendering of Rolling Home beneath the window assured me that Coll. wouldn't, so I threw my beautiful poem away, and sighed and sighed, and slept.

### CONNOTATION.



HE hippopotamus swells  
Fecund;  
Green bubble in oily slime.  
The ruddy rims of his eyes  
Rhododendrons in May;  
Passion behind the bush with surging blood.  
Paradise lost,  
Skidding, scuffling through bracken rank and sour.  
And I soar and slither, essence eternal.  
Goluptious lips—  
Open arches of endless intensity.  
Illimitable, shut in a sphere of nausea;  
Stifed senses in the fetid darkness.  
Glaring noon.  
And the lonely symposiarch belches eruptive.

## THE BALLAD OF THE YOD.

(being the sentiments of a French Honours student on the subject).



ONCE on a time, when words were young  
A beast was evolved by God,  
Which had no rhyme, no reason, no end ;  
So He gave it the name of Yod.

No one knew when it might be near,  
For it had no body to see,  
But when men heard its cringing voice,  
They knew they'd be late for tea.

The habits of this unusual beast  
Were quite without rational end,  
For it jumped and it flew and it doubled itself,  
Or clung round the neck of a friend.

Several friends the animal had,  
Who gave it a welcome kind,  
But even they were frequently snubbed  
By its super-capricious mind.

It happened at times that the cunning beast  
Developed a murderous lust :—  
It sprang on a trusting neighbour's back,  
And bore him down to the dust.

Its greatest faults, say those renowned  
For learning in Yodish lore,  
Were pertinacity, selfishness,  
And a longing to take the floor.


As I said before, no body it had,  
To be lawfully called its own,  
So it borrowed the bodies of various friends  
When it wished to parade the town.

So when artists who fancied they knew a lot  
Wished to portray this beast,  
They gave it the shape which pleased them most,  
And logical reason least.

And as these men were by no means scarce,  
Yods became many and bold,  
No one would soon have recognized  
The Yod that he knew of old.

We hunt this vermin with hounds and horn,  
We crawl to its lairs with pain :—  
Is it there ?—No !—A maleicon Dé !—  
But the brute has hopped it again !

### EPISODE.

“O you know *why* I never take a morning paper ?” said Jackson, PH.D., seventy years of age and gouty, to his cronies in the Senior Common Room of St. Saviour’s. “It’s a long story, but as we’re past golf on a rainy afternoon I’ll tell it to you. I was travelling from Oxford to London twenty years ago and had secured a corner seat in an empty carriage. The train was due to start. At the last minute someone got in. He looked quite an ordinary harmless sort of young fellow—student written all over him, of course ; from his elaborately-negligent hair and silly moustache, to the cut and colour of his ‘bags.’ His awkward efforts to conceal it made me notice how hot and bothered he looked as he yanked a couple of books from a badly-packed suitcase. Whew ! I thought as I noticed the titles—pretty heavy going for the train ; one was Haldane’s ‘Mind and Reality,’ the other a novel—in French. Swank, of course. Funny how all these youngsters like to imagine they are the only ones who think on the deep problems of life, just because they are the only fools indiscreet enough to advertise the fact publicly.

“Apparently I was not far wrong in my judgment of him, either, for as I pulled out my copy of that manly and independent journal, ‘The Morning Post,’ he glared ferociously across with an affected sort of sneer on his face. What rather took me off my guard less than a second later, so it seemed, was that with the pleasantest smile in the world he was asking me, pipe in hand, if I minded him smoking, since the carriage was a non-smoker. I usually congratulate myself on my tact, but I had formed such an unfavourable picture of the typical insolent young puppy that I was hard put to it to respond with a condescending smile of consent and produce my own pipe. The next moment he was offering me a fill from his pouch, which I refused, as I have my own brand of tobacco which I have smoked for



fifty years, and I can tolerate no other. I mechanically waved my hand towards my own pouch, and the youngster—like his cheek—accepted. Apparently this was only a cadging device, knowing it's not the done thing to hand round tobacco like filthy fags. 'Thanks very much,' he said, 'Always glad to try new brands—not been smoking long y'know' (any fool could see that, I said to myself). Really this young fellow was most amazing, one moment surly, the next affable, the next impudent. My tact, the outcome of upwards of fifty years of experience and self-discipline almost broke down. No doubt who was master of the situation here; I felt humiliated. And here he was continuing as follows.

" 'I always think it's a good job I took up smoking. Gives a fellow a good conversational opening. That's my bother—none of the social gifts. I detest crowded but silent railway carriages—much prefer the continental conversational style. But I'm no good at small-talk. It's really most unusual for me to be opening up a conversation like this. Generally have a job to say more than yes or no as my share in à tête-à-tête. I think I must be inspired to-day. Yes, on considering things I think I am inspired. Swank? No, I don't think so. Swank is laying *baseless* claim to certain qualities. You're probably right in thinking those books of mine on the seat 'swank'—(how the devil did he know I thought that, I asked myself, getting really annoyed)—'True, I have no great claims to profundity of thought or to facility in reading French. But I have certain great qualities. Of that I am convinced. Everybody has. The art of living is to find out where they lie and to employ them. The first is the task so rarely accomplished. The second follows naturally from the first. I have to-day found out *my* great talent. You didn't think on looking at me as I entered the carriage, did you, that you faced the world's greatest criminal-to-be?

" 'My vocation is crime. I have been thinking of futile plans for jobs for two years. This morning I walked out of college to take up my professional career in London. I am on my way there. I shall not confine myself to London, but intend to graduate in all the great European centres of crime—Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest. I am a great man with a great calling. I intend to learn my trade amongst the petty practitioners and then to launch out upon the sea of my own grand career as an artist in crime, leaving petty crimes to petty men. At the culmination of my career I see Murder. Not one murder, nor twenty murders, but a series of mass murders on such a scale that the nostrils of the nations shall reek with their stench for centuries to come—cruel, calculated catastrophes, unparalleled in their sheer cold-blooded brutality.



“ ‘Yes, I can talk big, and the world shall be an unwilling witness to my acting big. Why should I wish for my name to ring through the world coupled with those of half-hearted bunglers like Crippen and Peace? They didn’t delight in murder, they didn’t live for it—though they died through making a mess of it. No, my friend, the great murderers, the successful murderers die unheralded by fame, satisfied with the success of their art. The greater murderers still, like myself, live to be enthroned in the pages of history as great heroes or detestable tyrants, according to the nationality of the history book. My murders will be by perfectly legal means; I need fear no police, for the police will be my weapons. I study for the Dictatorship of the World’—he bawled, seizing my left arm, which suddenly seemed to grow red-hot and explode, causing me to lose consciousness, so it seemed, for a second or so.

“If you have cycled all night, you probably know how it feels about five or six a.m., when you suddenly ‘wake up’ as it were, and find yourself cycling quite normally, though your eyes have never closed. That’s just the sensation I experienced then, only much sharper. There was my young student fiercely concentrating on ‘Mind and Reality.’ He got out at the next stop, and I determined to find out who he was—and anyhow I daren’t trust myself to any more train journey that day. I seriously thought of the water-wagon, health resorts, spas, tonics and so on. Anyway, do you know who the student was? The future Ainsworth Aylmer, now, twenty years later, at the age of forty, probably the greatest mental specialist in London, and the greatest expert in the world on trances, sleep-walking and the like—he himself the most phenomenal hypnotist the world has seen.

“I had a look at my arm that night—just a little puncture where a hypodermic syringe might have penetrated. But to tell you why I never take a morning paper. I could never stand the sight of the old ‘Morning Post’ after that horrible talk of his about murder. I tried to read it once, but it would piece itself together into that ghastly discourse in the train. And I certainly can’t stick any other paper—so now I’ve got no interest in politics beyond voting the right way.”

“By the way,” came the bored voice of the college wit, “that man Aylmer—isn’t he the fellow who went raving Red a few years ago, and rushed off to Russia?”

“That’s him,” a second voice replied, “Not only thought Russia was a better place than good old England, but was fool enough to dash off out there to live to try and prove it. Went the way of his patients, the same as they say all these mad doctors do, eh?”

## TRIANGLES.



RAB, same-fronted, two-storeyed houses. Victoria Villas, 1898. Handkerchief gardens. The station back fronting the curtains parted like Mona Lisa's hair, aspidistras. Cheery men swinging cans of tea in blue oily dungarees. The whistles and shunting. Cabbage smells and roasting meat. Children shrieking, spitting, picking their noses, playing hop-skotch. Women quarrel and chatter and pin their frowsy hair. Kippers for tea.

The unsemi-detached, even, become detached at fall of night. The drunks are quiet, the whistles few, the many are asleep. The frowsy-haired are Helens bare to Mark Antony. The iron bedsteads are fields of springing corn, the meeting lips touch of the wind and rain.

Beyond this ugly little town the pylons stride their heavy-booted way across the hills, past the little trees clasping in trembling hands the last autumn grips of leaves. Up there in the house with the window still alight toils the student. Learning and culture, the light of letters are his. Only he is Pythagoras working at lines on paper. Down in the squatty town the vital triangles dwell.

P. M. SHIELDS.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

*An open letter to the members of* the S.C.M.  
the C.U.  
the Anglican Society.  
the Catholic Society, etc., etc.



E, the undersigned, having once been, or still being members of a Christian body, find ourselves assailed by doubts and wonderings which bring us considerable restlessness of mind. But we remember that there are here a number of organisations of people, and a few individuals who will have an answer to these problems, so we turn to them for guidance in our difficulties.

Not all of these difficulties are of recent birth, for we have never been able to decide whether the Church, during the war, used its pulpits for war propaganda, or merely passively acquiesced in their being used for "Christ, the King and Country." Indeed, from this very point springs further doubts to make the issue more confused, since we do not fully know whether a church should passively acquiesce in anything which it thought wrong; or whether it is decently possible to speak of "Christ, King and Country" in one sentence when King and Country mean killing and hatred. Did Christ say "thou shalt not kill except in certain circumstances" or "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself . . . forgive thine enemies unless the Church ordain otherwise?" This type of question has worried us for many years, but hitherto we have been disposed to accept the actions of the Church as matters about which we had insufficient knowledge; and we hoped and believed that others older and more experienced than ourselves knew the answer and that they were satisfied.

Now more doubts and difficulties have arisen, and again we feel that others, who, whilst being in the Church and of the Church, have acquiesced in the state of affairs which caused these worries for us, will in this case be able to help us and show us the true answers.

We have based our questions upon an assumption, or rather upon two assumptions; and if these assumptions are shown to be false then our questions are out of place and our difficulties vanish when new fundamental beliefs are given to us.

These are our assumptions: That being a Christian implies endeavouring to live a life as much like that of Christ as possible, and that whilst nobody could succeed in attaining that ideal, it should nevertheless be the guiding principle in all our actions. Our

second assumption is that we have to gather our knowledge of the life Christ led from the New Testament ; so that a Christian is one who endeavours to follow the precepts for life laid down by Christ's life and teaching according to the New Testament.

Perhaps the most actual happening to-day is the conflict between Italy and Abyssinia, which has been condemned in England as an act of aggression on the part of Italy, chiefly because our newspapers have told us that it is thus to be condemned. But we cannot thereby make our demand that the Church of Rome should take action. However, Catholic friends of ours have told us that the Pope has let it be known that he condemns the action of the Italian government as unchristian, and upon that we can base our question. In parenthesis perhaps we may, in all humility, be permitted to say that even if the Pope were not to hold the action of the Italian government as unchristian, we think that he should do so when considered in the light of fundamental belief. We feel that the present state of things presents a challenge to Christians which they cannot well refuse without the risk of decay setting in ; and we wonder why the Pope does not come out into the open and frankly oppose Mussolini. It seems clear that the result of such an action would be martyrdom ; but surely the Christian Church grew to strength through the martyrdom of those earlier Christians whose strength of conscience allowed them to face death with equanimity. Perhaps too we may seem casually to be asking the Pope to be a martyr ; but we do so in the full consciousness of our own weakness and the hope that somewhere amongst the leaders of Christendom to-day there may be one whose faith will be strong enough to bring us back to progression. Such an act on the part of the Pope would once again restore to brilliance the candle lit by RIDLEY, which was never to be put out ; but which has recently grown very dim indeed. It just happens that the Pope has an opportunity at this moment to declare for Christianity, but before long the way will doubtless be open to the heads of the English Church, and we would like to know whether a lead can be expected from them ? Since they so signally failed us in 1914, may we hope for anything better in the event of future wars.

It seems to us that the present condition of the Church in Germany is due to the fact that the Church never based its actions upon Christianity but, according to the principles of Luther, made the state the supreme head ; so that when the state engages in any action of which Christianity cannot approve, the state drags the Church with it ; and nowadays cannot allow Christian principles to be resurrected and placed prior to state expediency. Similarly,

unless the Church in England bases all actions upon Christian principles and refuses to be dragged from the path of Christianity by governmental talk or pressure will it not find itself hopelessly entangled in the mesh of politics when the next war comes?

This is all related to general policy however, and there is much that affects everyday life which worries us in seeking for the right direction of Christianity. We remember for instance the South Wales coalfields and imagine the doctrine of brotherly love, neighbourliness and charity being preached in the Church whose Bishops live in palaces, ride in Rolls Royces and have large incomes; and we remember the New Testament . . . "go and sell all thou hast . . . give to the poor and follow me." Isn't there something wrong there? If we return to our first assumption of leading a Christlike life can we imagine Christ riding about in a Rolls Royce when hundreds of thousands of his fellow men were verging on despair. Yet the leaders of our Churches do this, the men who by their training should be better Christians than ourselves, men who should be able to guide us on to the right path. If the words of Christ meant anything, do they not mean that the leaders of the Christian Church should voluntarily assume poverty; ". . . come and follow me . . ." and hasn't the Christian Church to-day found itself too bloated with tithes, and rents from slum properties, for the true vision of Christianity to be attainable.

Can we in our striving to attain a Christlike way of living live within such a Church? Does humility exist to-day, or has selfishness and greed completely conquered mankind? Where does our hope for the future lie? Perhaps you can help us.

J. GOSS.

R. C. TRESS.

*To the Editor of the West Saxon.*

SIR,

No point of view, except perhaps that of Mr. Bernard Shaw, has received as much criticism as that of the Pacifists. Collective Security, the League of Nations, the Arm-strongly-and-mind-our-own-business Brigade, all are criticised by each other, but combine forces to sneer at, scoff at, or be remotely superior to the Pacifist. He is either a "damned Conchie" or a "well-meaing but misguided

idiot," and yet he is the most logical and the most practical of them all. Let me outline his case.

In the first place we must get rid of the idea that war is natural to man. Fighting certainly may be natural, but organised slaughter from behind a big gun or from an aeroplane is not. But unfortunately the nations have got so used to the idea of war that they regard it as part of the natural activities of man—in many countries, where there is conscription, every able-bodied man undergoes training in this "art." War and soldiery have got into his system, so that an army is regarded as no more out of place in a civilised state than is Civil Service.

Now, why does a nation deem it necessary to keep armed forces? Because of distrust and fear. France has 2,000 aeroplanes and therefore England must have 2,500 in order that France may not consider that England is in any way inferior to her. Inferior in what? In culture, in civilisation? No, in her ability to act as a balancer of power; in order to create more and more fear. For every aeroplane that is added to an air force the spark creeps a little nearer to the tinder box.

What can we do about it? There the Pacifist has the complete and logical answer. Get rid of the tinder box and the flints and steels that produce the sparks. Abolish all armaments—naval, military and aerial—and then there will be no agency for creating distrust. France then need no longer fear invasion from Germany, for there will be nothing to fear. England's frontier, much to Mr. Baldwin's satisfaction, would once more be the cliffs of Dover instead of the banks of the Rhine. We cannot hope for peace while everyone *thinks* of war, but remove the source of fear and we shall do away with the primary cause of war.

Nobody wants war—not even the armament manufacturers—so do let us try to approach the subject from the right direction and remove the roots of the canker. All national rivalries are the outcome of mutual distrust brought on by the presence of armies, navies and air forces that *might* be used.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

G. C. SILSBY.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

*To the Editor of the West Saxon.*

SIR,

The fair name of Wessex has been foully dishonoured by being associated with the low and barbaric product of a slave race. Wessex is the one part of England which was able to withstand the onslaught of the Danes, and to preserve its political and spiritual liberty. And now the descendants of those men who were willing to die for their faith and country are, many of them, under the spell of the slave spirit. They have sunk back into the foetid swamps of savagery, they have put themselves on a level with an enslaved race of heathen barbarians, whose only means of forgetting their misery was the nightly orgies to which they were summoned by the sound of tom-toms and other uncouth instruments devised by debased and semi-human minds. Wessex fought off the paganism of the Danes, and is it to be conquered by the degraded type of being to which appeals the crude rhythm adopted by white degenerates from down trodden generations of negroes? When will there rise a second Alfred to rescue Wessex, the upholder of English liberty, from the degradation of having its name incorporated in the "Wessex Rhythm Club?"

Yours truly,

J. F. GRAVETT.

*To the Editor of the West Saxon.*

SIR,

May I, through these pages, call the attention of the Union to the serious decline in attendance and speakers at Debates? Once the Music Studio was filled to overflowing on Saturday mornings, and speakers were not akin to some strange rare flower that blossoms but once in a hundred years. Now there is a handful of knitting ladies and somnolent gentlemen listening to the Debates Committee and to the old same speakers valiantly striving to carry on this once most-flourishing of Union Societies. We are all proud of the new Library; but if it is a new and peculiar thirst for work that fills its tables on Saturday mornings and leaves the Music Studio empty, could not these earnest toilers occupy the other five working mornings with their mental labours, and spend half Saturday morning in the ancient and praiseworthy pursuit of Debating? If it is the beauty of the new building as compared with the battered homeliness of the Music Studio that detracts from our numbers, why do we not show this feeling practically by supporting Debates and subscribing to



the Building Fund? If it is due to the fact that notices have become microscopic and rare, let me say with the prophet, "Them that have eyes to see, let them see."


Whatsoever the reason, I appeal to the Union through these pages to support Debates and not to let this society fall into decay and neglect.

Yours faithfully,

PHYLLIS SHIELDS,  
*President of Debates.*



### THE UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX.

 F course there actually isn't one, but the events of the past eighteen months have brought us appreciably nearer to the realisation of our ambition. Last year the Union was placed upon a firmer foundation, both through the "advertisement" policy of the Students' Council and the revision of the constitution; and it was left to the Students of this session to see that the work thus inaugurated was successfully carried out.

It is very encouraging indeed to see that the students as a whole have willingly and wholeheartedly accepted their share of the responsibility for the success of the Union. It is no light task for the Faculty Society Committees to build up an organisation from nothing, as is now being done: it would be perhaps invidious to suggest that any one society is more successful than another. However the great success of the initial effort of the Faculty of Science in their dance, does mean that subsequent dances or entertainments will be judged in comparison, and be either better or worse as they prove to be successes or failures.

It is probably not necessary for all the innovations of the session to be enumerated, but thanks are due to Mr. Allen for the time he spent in assembling and preparing for the press the songs in the "Wessex Student Song Book." Such a song book should be an essential to each student, as it represents the non-academic side of student life. There are a number of spare blank pages at the back, deliberately left so that any songs which establish themselves can be printed off and pasted in. There must be a large number of



students however who have not yet obtained a copy, and they should get one from either the secretary of the Union or from the managers of the Hall Canteens.

From the external point of view this is "advertisement"; the Students' Council welcome the valuable co-operation of the Athletic Committee in asking the Secretaries of Clubs to send in reports to the Local paper. The most obvious success is that there have been two or three notices about the college appearing in the "Echo" each week: Hampshire clubs have actually written asking us for fixtures instead of us having to ask them, and possibly there will be other advantages accruing to the College through these efforts of students.

In addition to the Union Ball, which we hope will be held again this year, we are fortunate in that the National Union of Students has agreed to hold their Executive meeting here over the first weekend in January. We have long wanted an opportunity to show other colleges what advantages we have here and we are glad to be able to offer our hospitality. We are already well-known for the success of last year's Union Ball and it looks as if our policy of advertisement will be even more successful this year.

Only one thing is not quite as good as it could well be, and that is the way in which the common rooms are used. Please use ash-trays and waste-paper baskets, and if any damage is done please inform a member of the Common Rooms' Committee so that it can be repaired. There have been twelve ash-trays in the joint common room this term; five have been smashed and five are "missing." The committee are endeavouring to make the rooms very comfortable and attractive, but this will not be done unless the rooms are treated properly.

If the work of the Union continues as it has been so far, we may look forward to a very successful session, which will to some extent counterbalance the fact that there has been a drop in the number of students in the College and a corresponding increase in the amount of help required from each one in order that things may be done well.



## FACULTY SOCIETIES.

### SCIENCE DANCE.



FACT which has been greatly impressed upon the student body this session is the fact that the College is in a revolutionary stage, and among the many projects of the five year plan is a scheme for the purging of the students from indifference to social life ; one of the sub-sections of this scheme, is the idea of better, brighter, cheaper dancing.

Roused to a fury of enthusiasm by a stirring speech from one of high official status in the student body—sometimes referred to as a corporate mass—a newly formed Society, that of the Faculty of Science, made feverish preparations for a dance which was to be the hop of the season. Activities started in the early hours of coffee time and finished long before eleven, with amazing results. The same old decorative ideas which give such a unique atmosphere to the usual “coll. dos,” certain scientific minds had been at work, and succeeded in conveying to all and sundry that even in the lighter atmosphere of wickedly wagging ankles, the awful presence of science must be felt, hence the mystic hieroglyphics on the walls, and the sets of Heath Robinson apparatus placed for all to admire.

But, as a certain Australian poet once quoted in reference to flowers—the dance—as a dance, was not a failure. Unassumed gaiety spread from the gentleman bedecked with a lily-white bouquet, to all other types of flowers present, and even the absence of a number of the usual staff habitués could do nothing to dampen the cheerfulness. Our own private mercantile marine force turned out, to win the hearts of many a fair damsel—we assume—and to gain the envy of the mere land-lubber as he was tagged and retagged in the “stop me and have one” dances.

Time rolled on, and the glamorous night was passing ; here were two cigarettes in the dark ; there, two shadows in the moonlight ; and all about, were happy dancing feet, doing their quaint shuffles to the irresistible rhythm of the Waygood quintet. A snowball was melted, and proved highly successful ; the less noticeable apparel of male and female was brought to notice in the cause of elimination, and slow moving couples strained their every nerve to estimate correctly, the next break in the music : someone was even said to have noticed a natural smile on the face of our pseudo professional dancer.

There was nothing spectacular in the programme, the supper, or—for that most part—in the dancing, if one accepts certain evolutions which bordered on the unconsciously spectacular, but which after all, are merely styles peculiar to some of our Navarros. No, there was just that simple quiet happiness and careless gaiety of 360 shuffling shoes, cementing more firmly the corporate body of the College: it was such that even the major matters of life were temporarily forgotten—late leave, fire escapes, Abyssinian problems, and even closing time, were all drafted into the background.

Science had conquered man and woman, it had roused them from that apathy so apparent in previous soirées, and proved once and for all, that as far as this College is concerned, where the pocket is, there the heart is also. To the strains of the last waltz in the twilight the first of all faculty Society Dances came to an end. "See you here in a tic," could be heard I imagined all round from the lips of gallant swains; happy tired feet trod homeward paths, lingering here and there, but always restarting the homeward trek. Good-nights were said—and meant—and more tired—but even happier feet—turned on their proper paths for bed, braced up by that lingering farewell.

We feel we have the consolation that at least one Faculty Society has given its mite towards helping the social life of the College on its upward path, and hope that other Societies will have similar encouragement.

V. G. ROBSON.



## ENGINEERING.

The Faculty Society of Engineering held an Open Day on Friday, November 15th, for members of staff and students of the College. Various departments were open and demonstrations arranged, and judging from the interest shown by those who came round, the occasion was apparently very successful. We hope a lead has been set to the rest of the College.

Of December 14th more in the next issue.



### CONNAUGHT NEW HALL.

**W**E have been honoured this term by a visit from H.R.H. the Duke of York, during which New Hall disappeared and was replaced by "Connaught" Hall. Although we may officially be members of "Connaught" Hall we shall always look back with some joy to those days when our Hall was new in name as well as in spirit.

We take this opportunity of thanking Highfield and Montefiore Halls for the admirable way in which they entertained us. We trust that they may be as successfully entertained when they come to Connaught Hall on December 7th.

For the greater part of this term we are sorry to record that we have been without our Matron, who was ordered to take a rest. We wish her a speedy recovery and hope that she will be with us again before long.

### HIGHFIELD HALL.

Term began auspiciously. Freshers (and seniors), when they arrived at Highfield between 6.30 and 7.30, were confronted by inky blackness. The Town electric light supply had failed! Dinner by candlelight had all the magic and romance of a mediaeval banquet.

Dwellers in the south wing facing Quad, welcome the friendly twinkle of lights on top north—which for the last two years has been empty—, for Hall numbers have now gone up.

The guests at our entertainment were afforded a glimpse into the realm of fancy when the Principal and Professor of Education disported themselves as faery King and Councillor in a beautiful new palace (the library). We hope that our guests enjoyed it all as much as their hostesses.

Once more the season of wassailing and merriment draws near, and Highfield hopes to have a "full house" at their Sing-song on the 19th of December.

### MONTEFIORE HALL.

We are glad to have this opportunity of publicly denying current rumours that Montefiore Hall has dwindled down to the point of extinction.

Although our numbers are less than last session, we were glad to welcome an increased numbers of freshers at our Annual Tea ; and we are still able to take part in all College activities. We regret that it was only possible for us to hold one Entertainment this session, and would like to thank Russell Hall for their delightful hospitality on October 26th.

### RUSSELL HALL.

At the beginning of term, Russell Hall freshers were welcomed in the traditional manner at a tea in Refectory, at which the Warden and Seniors were present. In the third week of term, we entertained Highfield and Montefiore Halls ; the co-operation and enthusiasm of all members of the Hall combined to make this a very successful occasion.

### SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

Stoneham finds itself full of important people this year. It has long been the custom of these august personages to live in the other place, so we began this year expecting to live in an atmosphere of dignity. Fortunately, this has not come to pass and we still devote Friday evenings to scrums and other forms of athletic levity.

Turning serious for a moment, we have to welcome Mr. Bishop and Mr. Ackroyd, members of staff, who have already proved themselves worthy of places in this select company.

We have been well entertained by both Montefiore and Highfield, and hope to obtain our revenge on the first Saturday of next term.



### MEN'S ATHLETICS CLUB.

**T**HE 1935 summer season proved very satisfactory. The Team won the Hampshire Inter-Collegiate Sports quite comfortably, and we were a close second to Bristol in the Triangular Match between Bristol, Exeter and ourselves.

The Club, however, is suffering from lack of numbers, and this must be remedied this year. At the end of the Spring term we intend to hold Novices Trials, meant particularly for freshmen, and hope to follow these by Handicap Trials for all members. In this way we hope to get a good number of enthusiasts to continue their training through the Easter vacation, so as to be ready for a good and enjoyable Athletic Season.

We hope to train in the Spring term on these lines :—firstly, it is hoped that all members will make as much use as possible of the field, apart from ordinary winter sports. Secondly, that they will attend regularly the Gymnastic Club, where time will be given to the teaching and perfecting of the technique of athletics, as well as of gymnastics, and particularly to field events.

With more enthusiasm and greater numbers we should be able to raise the standard of College athletics to the high level of past years.

### BOAT CLUB.

Club's activities this year have so far been almost entirely domestic. But in this respect we are able to record considerable progress in the betterment of the deplorable conditions under which we have hitherto laboured. For this happy state of affairs we are very largely indebted to the Athletic Union. Thanks to their generous action we have already been able to purchase three sets of

blades, and another light ship will appear as soon as we have a respectable home for it. The need for the latter has become even more urgent since one of the Stoneham elms had the bad taste to annihilate the small boathouse, leaving six boats at the mercy of the weather. We are, therefore, considerably cheered by the knowledge that our new boathouse is rapidly becoming less mythical, and that in all probability building operations will shortly commence. We are glad of this as we feel that it is not particularly good for a boat to allow the elements too much liberty with it.

In the matter of coaching we have never been in a more fortunate position. Our founder continues to be a source of supreme inspiration and seems to have given up lecturing for the sole purpose of giving more time to rowing. Mr. Hiscock, who rendered such yeoman service last year is now a regular feature of river and tow-path, while Mr. Ackroyd has brought new ideas and plenty of enthusiasm from Cambridge, where rumour says he helped his College boat to make a phenomenal number of bumps. But even these three can only be in three places at once, and we can still appreciate the unflagging efforts of Seniors who try to ensure that no boat goes out uncoached.

Reluctantly we have to admit that there seems to be little hope of obtaining a fixture for the VIII this term. The failure of all efforts in this direction is mainly due to the practice of the London College of training non-colour crews until Christmas. We have, however, arranged as many fixtures for next term as we can hope to fulfil. In the interval we have plenty to do in welding the crew together. The general level of ability has rendered the choice of the crew a matter of extreme difficulty, and at the time of writing it can by no means be regarded as settled. Such difficulties were well illustrated by the recent defeat of the 2nd VIII by the 3rd.

Our only fixture to date has been with Queen Mary College, who sent their non-colour crew, and a scratch crew to row our 3rd.

Our promoted second easily beat the non-colour crew, and our new third won a better race with the scratch crew, which contained four colours, by two lengths over  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

As a substitute for external fixtures we hope to stage an inter-Hall contest in VIII's on December 15th. This term's recruits will have their tub IV races on the same day, and we are expecting King Edward VI School to compete with them.



## CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

The Club, up to the present, has had a fairly successful season. The excellent standard attained by Bagwell last season has been maintained throughout this season's runs. The running of the pack has improved considerably as the term has advanced.

### *Results.*

|  |     |      |            |
|--|-----|------|------------|
| U.C.S. v King Alfred's College, Winchester | H   | Lost | 82—54      |
| U.C.S. v Calshot R.A.F.                    | ... | A    | Won 27—47  |
| U.C.S. v Worthydown R.A.F.                 | ... | H    | Won 33—50  |
| U.C.S. v Trojans A.C.                      | ... | A    | Draw 37—37 |
| U.C.S. v Worthydown R.A.F.                 | ... | A    | Won 31—58  |

## GYMNASTIC CLUB.

Started this term, the Gymnastic Club is fast becoming firmly established. Meetings are being held on Thursday afternoons in the Assembly Hall, and the attendance is rapidly increasing.

Its objects are :—

- (1) to provide physical training for all men in the College.
- (2) to assist, where possible, the various Clubs, by the teaching of specialised technique.

Its second object mainly affects the Boxing and Athletic Clubs, but the first affects everyone.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Anderson, who has very kindly conducted these meetings, and whose help and enthusiasm have made the Club possible.

It now remains with the Students as to whether or not they will support the Club. We will only say that it is well worth it.

## MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The season opened with the problem of filling six places in the first XI : a task of no little difficulty owing to the small numbers from which to chose our men. Our hopes of "Fresher" talent have not been realised, but we have succeeded in building up a team which, after a shaky start, is beginning to show excellent combination and of which we expect great things in the future. The match record to date shows that we have played nine matches of which we have won five, and we hope to add to our number of wins after the U.A.U.



matches have been played. The Club has recently received a severe set-back with the resignation of the Secretary and Goalkeeper whose play has always inspired our defence, and we feel that these notes would be incomplete without expressing to him our appreciation of what he has done for the Club.

### WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

It has rained ! Despite the weather, we have just managed to keep our heads above water and have only lost three matches. We kept up our reputation at the County Tournament at Winchester on Saturday, October 26th, losing only one of our five matches. We were unfortunate to lose our first U.A.U. match v Exeter, 6—9, but the game was very keenly contested as the score suggests. We should like to congratulate Exeter on beating Bristol and thus qualifying for the semi-final of the W.I.V.A.B. Championship. When our team is complete with those members on School Practice this term, and if the weather improves for training, we hope to field a stronger team for the second half of the season.

### NETBALL CLUB.

The Club was haunted for half the term by the three-faced spectre of bad weather, injuries and examinations: which was triumphantly laid by an overwhelming victory in our first U.A.U. match at Exeter. We have a very full programme of matches for next term, and are looking forward to a successful season.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB.

This year, in contrast to our usual position, we have been joined by a number of recruits, who will, no doubt, add to the future strength of the team. We are still, however, faced with the old problem—our membership is not as large as we should like it to be. Because of this we sometimes have great difficulty in fielding two teams. Whilst thanking those who have turned out regularly for both teams, we must point out that unless we get full and undivided support it will be difficult to arrange fixtures for next season. The first fifteen has not been too successful, perhaps because of the lightness of the pack, for this is a big disadvantage in wet weather. It has, however, shown great keenness and we are hopeful for the future.

## SOCGER CLUB.

The results of the first eleven fixtures completed so far must give some sense of disappointment to those supporters who live for results alone, but those who actively follow the club's games, will feel some reward in that the football rarely degenerates to a low standard and lack of playing ability is not responsible for our defeats.

It is true, however, that of ten games played six have been lost, but the club has long ago left behind the policy of winning every match at the expense of poor games, the object now being to play clubs of a much higher standard, preferring to lose to these clubs and gain valuable experience, rather than to gain superficial glory by "piling up the score" against a weaker team.

Freshers, however, are once again disappointing, and the club earnestly appeal to freshers not to drop the game on coming up to College; after all, most of us had to graduate from the third eleven and unless there is more support from freshmen, the club will soon be in grave danger of having to resign their policy of playing good teams.

University matches leave us "all square"—victories against Reading and L.S.E. being offset by defeats from King's College and Exeter—the last being a big blow to our chances in the U.A.U. Championship. The remaining fixtures have nearly all been against experienced Hants League Clubs, and some fine games have been played.

The second eleven has shown encouraging enthusiasm; even though their results are not brilliant, they are developing real team spirit and are a reliable reserve force. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of the third team, and great difficulty is being experienced in running their fixtures at all, due to the lack of enthusiasm among a few members.

We should like to add a word of sympathy to Ridgewell, the 1st XI left back, who broke his leg playing against King's, and hope he may have a speedy return to the soccer pitch.





### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

**T**HE term opened with a successful Fresher's Debate at which the motion discussed was "That man can lead a fuller life on a desert island than in a modern state." After a keen and interesting debate the motion was put to the house and was defeated by 68 votes to 12. November 2nd found the Society arguing on the subject of coiffures. The motion "That there are too many long haired men and short haired women" provoked a lengthy discussion on subjects as wide apart as convicts and communists, but was finally carried by 27 votes to 16 (including two long haired men). The motion "That in modern life there is too much theory and not enough practice" was debated on November 16th. Owing to the very poor attendance there were not many speakers from the floor and the debating was not of a very high standard. The motion was declared carried by 13 votes to 10. It is to be hoped that the attendance at the Staff Debate will improve, and that those who are interested will attend debates regularly.

Mr. R. A. Hodgdon gave us a talk on "The modern English novel" in Highfield Hall, on the 30th of October. Over 20 were present, but owing to great nervousness or great ignorance the discussion was limited to a few individuals.

We hope to be visited by a team of Irish debaters early next term, and intend sending delegates to Inter-Varsity Debates to be held at University College, Exeter and London University.

## CHESSE CLUB.

We were glad to start the season by welcoming a number of new players. Some of them have already become regular members of the College teams. We hope the others will soon be ready to play their part in our team matches.

For internal games, there has been a very lively enthusiasm. At the time of writing, we are just commencing the championship tournament, for the cup presented by the John Lewis Partnership. From the entries already received, it will obviously be a keen contest. In the next magazine it should be possible to announce the result, and also to review the achievements of the College teams in the Southampton Chess League.

## STUDENT'S ORCHESTRA.

The arrival of several new members to join the Orchestra dispelled the gloom caused by the disappearance of stalwarts of former days, and we may look forward with confidence to a maintenance of previous high standards. In the temporary absence of the conductor, Mr. W. S. Allen, the orchestra is under the capable guidance of Mr. A. R. Smith, who has willingly undertaken this arduous task. Our hearty thanks are due to him.

This term's activities have been confined entirely to incidental music for the Stage Society's production. During the session, concerts for the Gramophone Club are contemplated.

## BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The activities of the Biological Society for the present session opened with a very interesting, detailed and instructive presidential address by Mr. F. Child, on "Kew and its Curiosities." Professor Sherriffs gave an intensely interesting account of the native and animal life of Southern India, made vivid by his extensive personal experience there.

The Society is looking forward to the next meeting, for Professor Weiss is a botanist of wide interests and is to talk on Big Trees of Canada and California. The term's meetings will conclude with a lecture on Genetical Interpretations of Evolutionary Problems by H. Pincher, B.Sc.

Next term the Society is to be honoured by the visit of V. Ramsbottom, O.B.E., M.A., to lecture on Fungi and Human Affairs.

It is encouraging to find that members this session include a number of people other than those in the Faculty of Science.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

This session our membership has increased and fully justifies the arrangement of a rather ambitious programme.

The Presidential address by Mr. H. J. Day, B.Sc., on the "Isle of Wight" at the opening meeting, was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The next lecture, given by Professor Jervis, M.Sc., of Bristol University, on "Greenland" was of great interest and accompanied by amusing anecdotes and excellent slides. Although we were unfortunate in that Miss C. A. Simpson was unable to come as arranged for the next fixture, Mrs. Rishbeth, at very short notice, gave the Society a very entertaining talk on her "Visit to Papua" which she illustrated with her own slides. The last address this term is by Dr. Berry, M.A., Ph.D., on December 5th, who will describe his impressions of Hungary as he saw it during the last vacation.

The remaining fixtures are equally attractive and we are fortunate in being promised lectures by :—

Mr. E. C. Willatts, B.Sc., of the London School of Economics, on "Land Use Regions of the London Basin."

Professor E. G. R. Taylor, B.Sc., of Birkbeck College, on "Perfidious Albion."

Professor C. B. Fawcett, of London University, on "Millionaire Cities." and

Miss Miller, B.A., of our own Staff, on "The Vale of Evesham."

The programme of excursions, which will be run mainly in the Summer Term, was started in this term by a visit to the Ordnance Survey, which was of great interest to a large party of members.

## S.C.M.

In spite of the fact that so many of our seniors have gone down, our membership has nevertheless increased, and juniors show particular enthusiasm. So far we have held two general meetings and on the social side of our programme we hope to arrange a Christmas party at the end of term and a scavenger hunt in January. The proceeds from the latter are to go to our Federation-Week Fund. In all these activities we hope members will give us their support and so make S.C.M. a really live unit of College life.

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Christian Union has been busy : several members, together with Dr. Johnson, General Secretary of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship, met for a Preterminal week-end of prayer and preparation for the term. This proved very helpful. Following this Arnold Aldis, Chairman of the I.V.F., visited us for a successful Evangelistic Week-end. Besides this we have had one or two Squashes and a Public Meeting in the town at which Dr. Howard Guinness spoke.

We find that only when Christianity takes first place in life, instead of being just a spare-time occupation, does it prove really worth while. Why not investigate this and prove the truth of it?

## CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

The Society has enjoyed a successful Winter term, thanks very largely to the wholehearted support of most of its members, who have either contributed papers or taken part in the discussions which usually followed. In addition to the weekly meetings, we were given a lecture by Fr. Macdonald, professor of metaphysics, on the application of the principles of scholasticism to contemporary questions.

We should like it to be generally known that the Society, though naturally restricting its membership to Catholics, welcomes the presence at its meetings of all who are genuinely interested in the subjects under discussion.

## RIVER CREW.

The increased membership, which is so opportune at this critical period of College history, bodes well for the future. We welcome the newcomers, and hope that the opportunities for practical Scouting will increase during their time at U.C.S. Interest this session is centred upon practical Ambulance Work, and the theoretical parts of the Wood Badge (Training of Scouters). Imperial Headquarters is represented among our list of speakers, whose experiences we try to share.

The Crew has already in hand the plans for setting up a troop in the district near College. It is hoped that we shall undertake full responsibility for that troop, but its success depends upon the arrangements during vacations. Therefore, we appeal to town-men who are anxious to perform a useful service to get in touch with our Crew.

## TOC H. SOUTH STONEHAM GROUP.

Although its membership has been reduced this session, and no financial assistance is being received from the Students' Union, Toc H. hopes to continue all its usual activities. All its old jobs are being retained, while it has taken over the running of a Boys' Club in Swaythling. In directions such as this Toc H. could well act as an efficient Social Service Bureau for men in College, and it is hoped that men who may not want to join Toc H. may look upon us in this light.

A feature of activities this term has been an increase of co-operation with other local units in Southampton, especially through a new system of exchange visits, and the recent Guest Night.

## TOC. H. L.W.H.

The Group has been most unfortunate this term in losing both its Pilot, Miss Sharsholt, and its Chairman, Miss Shields, but the nucleus of members and probationers remaining, though small, is still keen.

The programme of meetings has been very successful. We have had talks on the Court of Referees, Slum Clearance, on the Social Problems of State Education, and on Mysticism. These meetings have been thrown open to all members of Hall, and there have been fairly large numbers at each, and interesting discussions were started. This interest will cause more people to join the Group as probationers.

## SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

The policy of the Society this term has been to promote *active* co-operation of members of the Society in its functions. This was well emphasised by P. W. S. Andrews, at the opening meeting of the session on October 17th. He said that the object of the Society was not merely to provide speakers on Socialist topics, but to enable members, in the fullest possible way, to become informed politically, with special reference to Socialism. By the formation of a library and by the organisation of regular meetings on Saturday mornings, for the purpose of study and informal discussion, it is hoped that this object will be fulfilled.

Perhaps the slight misunderstanding on the part of some members over the question of Left Wing tendencies in the Society was due to the lack of such a forum for discussion. We trust that the provision of the latter, and the meeting held on October 28th, to settle the question of Left and Right Wing attitude, has resulted in the satisfaction of all concerned.



An excellent address on the policy of the Labour Party was given by Ralph Morley, one of the Labour Candidates for Southampton, on November 5th, as part of his election campaign. Some vigorous discussion followed. After the election, Professor Betts gave us what is probably the best piece of political analysis we have had, when he spoke on the significance of the Election Results, on November 16th—only two days after the Election itself.

We are hoping to hear another member of the College Staff, Miss Holley, on "Socialism and Education," before the end of term.

To conclude, we appeal to members to make the study group a regular habit, and thus justify our embarking upon it.

### LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY AND CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

It is encouraging to find that in spite of, or perhaps on account of, the critical international situation, the membership of the U.C.S. Branch of the L.N.U., is considerably stronger than last session. Attendance at meetings during the session was good and we are fortunate in securing some of the speakers again this year, especially Professor Betts, whose address on "Loopholes in the League's Constitution," aroused great interest. An attractive programme has been arranged for the coming term and the Committee hopes that all members and others who are interested in international affairs, will come along to swell the audience in the Music Studio, at 1.20 p.m. on Fridays.

### ARCHITECTURE SOCIETY.

As the first meeting clashed with the opening of the College Library, we have as yet had only one lecture—an interesting talk from Miss Trout, on "Vaults." An excursion will shortly be arranged to Winchester Cathedral and College. We would remind students that membership is free and that the Society has the use of a comprehensive library and an excellent collection of photographs.







